THE Shepheards Calender.

Conteining twelue Aeglogues proportionalle to the twelue Monethes.

ENTITVLED,

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman moſt worthie of all titles, both of learning and chiualry, Maiſter *Philip Sidney.*

LONDON
Printed by *Iohn Windet*, for *Iohn Harriſon* the yonger, dwelling in Pater noſter Roe, at the ſigne of the Anger. 1591.

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TO HIS BOOKE.

Go litle booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As childe whoſe parent is vnkent:
To him that is the preſident,
Of nobleneſſe and of cheualree:
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheards ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his honour has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardy-hedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immeritò

¶To the moſt exeellent and learned both Orator and Poet, *Maiſter Gabriel Haruey, his verie ſpeciall and ſingular* good friend E.K. commendeth the good liking of this *his good labour, and the patronage of the newe Poet.*

VNcouthe, vnkiſt, ſayd the olde famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellency and wonderfull skil in makyng, hys ſcholler *Lidgate*, a worthy ſcholler of ſo excellent a maiſter, calleth the Loadſtarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Aeglogue calleth Tityrus the God of ſhepheards, comparyng hym to the worthineſſe of the Romane *Tityrus Virgil*. Which prouerbe, mine owne good friend M. Haruey, as in that good olde Poet it ſerued well *Pandares* purpoſe, for the bolſteryng of hys baudy brocage, ſo very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as ſayd *Chaucer*) is vnkiſt, and vnknowne to moſt men, is regarded but of fewe. But I doubt not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthineſſe be ſounded in the trump of Fame, but that he ſhall be not only kiſt, but alſo beloued of all, embraced of the moſt, & wondred at of the beſt. No leſſe I thinke, deſerueth his wittineſſe in deuiſing, his pithineſſe in vttering, hys complaints of lone ſo louely, hys diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo pleaſantly, his paſtorall rudeneſſe, his moral wiſeneſſe, his due obſeruyng of *Decorum* euery where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and generally in all ſeemely ſimplicitie of handlyng hys matter, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be ſtraunge, I knowe will ſeeme the ſtraungeſt, the wordes themſelues beyng ſo ancient, the knittyng of them ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole Period and compaſſe of ſpeech ſo delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo graue for the ſtraungeneſſe. And firſt of the wordes to ſpeake, I graunt they bee ſomethyng harde, and of moſt men vnuſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo vſed of moſt excellent Authours and moſt famous Poets. In whom when as this our Poet hath bene much trauelled and throughly read, how could it bee (as that worthy Oratour ſayd) but that walkyng in the ſunne, although for other cauſe he walked, yet needes hee mought be ſunburnt, and hauyng the ſound of thoſe auncient Poets ſtill ringyng in his eares, he mought needes in ſingyng, hit out ſome of theyr tunes. But whether he vſeth them by ſuch caſualtie and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe and choyſe, as thinkyng them fitteſt for ſuch ruſticall rudeneſſe of ſhepheards either for that theyr rough ſounde would make his rimes more ragged and ruſticall, or els becauſe ſuch olde and obſolete wordes are moſt vſed of countrey folke, ſure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amiſſe, that they bryng great grace, and as one would ſay, authoritie to the verſe. For albe amongſt many other faultes it ſpecially bee obiected of *Valla* againſt *Liuie*, and of other againſt [illegible], that with euer much ſtudie they affect antiquitie, as coueryng thereby credence and honour of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the beſt learned are of the lyke, that thoſe auncient ſolemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other: the one labouring to ſet forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of grauitie and importance. For if my memory fayle not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein hee endeuoureth to ſet forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, ſaith that ofttimes an auncient word maketh the ſtyle ſeeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwiſe then wee honour and reuerence gray haires for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of olde age. Yet neither euery where muſt old words be huſhed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of ſpeakyng ſo corrupted thereby, that as in old buildyngs it ſeeme diſorderly and ruinous. But all as in moſt exquiſite pictures they vſe to blaze and portract not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but alſo rounde about it to ſhadowe the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that by the baſeneſſe of ſuch partes, more excellency may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find our ſelues, I know not how, ſingularly delighten with the ſhewe of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly

order. Euen ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh termes enlumine and make more clearely to appeare the brightneſſe of braue and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a diſcorde in Muſicke maketh a comely concordance: ſo great delight tooke the worthy Poet Alceus to beholde a blemiſh in the ioynt of a well ſhaped bodie. But if any will raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choyſe of olde and vnwonted words, him may I more iuſtly blame and condemne, or of witleſſe headineſſe in iudging, or of heedleſſe hardineſſe in condemnyng: for not marking the compaſſe of his bent, hee wil iudge of the length of his caſt: for in my opinion it is one ſpeciall praiſe, of many which are due to this Poet, that he hath laboured to reſtore, at to theyr rightfull heritage ſuch good and naturall Engliſh wordes, as haue beene long time out of vſe and almoſt cleane diſherited. Which is the onely cauſe, that our Mother tongue, which truely of it ſelfe is both full enough for proſe, and ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time bene counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default when as ſome endeuoured to ſalue and recure, they patched vp the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, borowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latin, not weighing how ill, thoſe tongues accord with themſelues, but much worſe with ours: So now they haue made our Engliſh tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepoge of all other ſpeeches. Other ſome not ſo well ſeene in the Engliſh tongue as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very natural and ſignificant cry out ſtraightway, that we ſpeake no Engliſh, but gibberiſh, or rather ſuch, as in olde time Euanders mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in theyr owne mother tongue, ſtrangers to be counted and aliens. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what ſo they vnderſtand not, they ſtraightway deeme to be ſenſeleſſe, and not at all to bee vnderſtoode. Much like to the Mole in Aeſops fable, that being blinde her ſelfe, woulde in no wiſe be perſwaded, that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt more ſhamefull then both, that of their owne countrey and natural ſpeech, which togither with their Nources milke they ſucked, they haue ſo baſe regard and baſtard iudgement, that they wil not only themſelues not labor to garniſh and beautifie it but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embelliſhed. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that himſelfe can eate no haye, and yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that ſo faine would feede: whoſe curriſh kinde though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now for the knitting of ſentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for al the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round without roughneſſe, and learned without hardneſſe, ſuch indeede as may bee perceiued of the laſt, vnderſtood of the moſt, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in moſt Engliſh writers vſeth to be looſe, and as it were vnright, in this Authour is wel grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truſſed vp together. In regard whereof, I ſcorne and ſpue out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymes (for ſo themſelues vſe to hunt the letter) which without learnyng boaſt, without iudgement iangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of poetical ſpirit had newly rauiſhed them aboue the meaneneſſe of common capacitie. And being in the midſt of al theyr brauery, ſodenly either for want of matter, or ryme, or hauing forgotten their former conceipt, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and trauelled in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childebyrth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her. *Os rabiem fera corda domans, &c.*

Nethleſſe let them a Gods name feede on their own folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for *Colin*, vnder whoſe perſon the Authours ſelfe is ſhadowed, how far he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhowes, both himſelfe ſheweth, where he ſaith,

Of Muſes Hobbin, *I conne no ſkill.* And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherin, it ſeemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which mooued him rather in Aeglogues, then otherwiſe to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he litle needed, or mindyng to furniſh our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or folowing the example of the beſt and moſt auncient Poettes, which deuiſed this kinde of writyng, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the firſt to trye theyr habilities: and as young byrdes, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by litle firſt to proue theyr tender wynges, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue he was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feelyng his winges. So flew *Mantuane* as not being full founde. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*: So *Marot*, *Sannazarus*,

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and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poets, whose footing this Authour euerie where followeth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poet, as a bird, whose principals be scarse growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I minde not to say much, himselfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the cõmon Labirinth of Loue, in which time to mitigate and allaye the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he saith) the young shepheardes i. his equals and companions of his vnfortunate follie, hee compiled these twelue Aeglogues which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue monethes, he termeth it the *Shepheardes Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion for the exposition of olde wordes and harder phrases, which manner of glosing and commenting, well I wot, will seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent and proper deuises both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedy course of reading either as vnknowne, or as not marked, and that in this kinde, as in other we might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other workes of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, himselfe being for long time farre estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent workes of his, which sleepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legends, his court of Cupid, and sundrie others, whose commendations to set out, were verie vaine, the thinges though worthie of manie, yet being knowne to few. These my present paines if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne good M. Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwise vpon some particular and speciall considerations vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our commons friends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthie gentleman, the right worshipfull M. Philip Sidney, a speciall fauourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, if Enuy shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, gainst the malice and outrage of so many enymies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell and commit you and your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commanded. E. K.

Post scr.

NOw I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doinges, or els for enuy of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland, which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latin Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention an Elocution are very delycate, and superexcellent. And thus agayne, I take my leaue of my good M. Harucy. From my lodging at Loudon this 10. of Aprill. 1579.

The generall Argument of the whole booke.

Litle I hope, needeth mee at large to discourse the first Originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the worde Aeglogues I know is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will saye somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Aeglogas *as it were,* Aegon, *or* Aeginomon logi, *that is Goteheardes tales. For although in* Virgil *and others the speakers be most shepheardes, & Gotheardes, yet* Theocritus *in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in* Virgil, *this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and welspring the whole inuention of this Aeglogues, maketh Gotheards the persons and authours of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grosnesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs belieue that they are more rightly termed* Eclogai, *as they woulde saye, extraordinarie discourses of vnnecessarie matter: which difinition all be in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the* Analysis *and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogue, Aeglogues, which sentence this authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though in deede few Gotheards haue to doe herein, neuertheless doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These twelue Aeglogues euerie where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be well deuided into three formes or rancks. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelth, or recreatiue, such as all those be, which conteine matter*

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of loue, or commendation of ſpeciall perſonages, or Morall: which for the moſt port be mixed with ſome Satyricall bitternes, namely, the ſecond of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the ſeuenth and ninth of diſſolute ſhepheardes and Paſtors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleaſant wits. And to this diuiſion may euery thing herein be reaſonably applyed: A few onely except, whoſe ſpeciall purpoſe and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of theſe twelue Aeglogues. Now will we ſpeake particularly of all, and firſt of the firſt, which he calleth by the firſt moneths name, Ianuarie: wherein to ſome he may ſeeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroniouſly beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and ſtoutly maintained with ſtrong reaſons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in Marhch, for then the ſunne renueth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable ſpring refreſheth the earth, and the pleaſaunce thereof being buried in the ſadnes of the dead Winter now worne away, reliueth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Aſtrologers & Philoſophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account alſo was generally obſerued both of Grecians and Romaines. But ſauing the leaue of ſuch learned heades, wee maintaine a cuſtome of counting the ſeaſons from the moneth Ianuarie vpon a mere ſpeciall cauſe, then the heathen Philoſophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauiour and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Chriſt, who as then renewing the ſtate of the decaied worlde, and returning the compaſſe of expired yeares to their former date and firſt commencement, lefte to vs his heires a memoriall of his byrth in the ende of the laſt yeare and beginning of the nexte. Which reckoning, beſide that eternall monument of our ſaluation, leaneth alſo vpon good proofe of ſpeciall iudgement. For albeit that in el-

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der times, when as yet the coumpt of the yeare was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is saide in Scripture) commanded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil. that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Aegypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæser who first obserued the leape yeare which he called Bessextilem Annum, and brought into a more certaine course of the odd wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene numbred xij. which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euerie yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the coure of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two monethes, Ianuarie and Februarie, wherein it seemeth, that wise kinge minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entrance of the yeare, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which God for that the olde Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore hee commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the

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ende of the yeare, in the xv. daie of the vij. moneth, which before that time was the firſt.

But our Anthour reſpecting neither the ſubtiltie of the one part nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fitteſt according to the ſimplicitie of common vnderſtanding, to begin ne with Ianuary, wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards ſhould be ſeene in matter of ſo deep inſight, or cauaſe a caſe of ſo doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and ſo continueth he throughout.

Ianuarie.

Aegloga Prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this firſt Aeglogue Colin Clout *a ſhepheards boy, complaineth himſelfe of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as ſeemeth) enamoured of a Countrie laſſe called* Roſalinde: *with which ſtrong affection being very ſore trauailed, hee compareth his carefull caſe to the ſad ſeaſon of the yeere, to the froſtie ground, to the froſen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And laſtly, finding himſelfe robbed of all former pleaſance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and caſteth himſelfe to the ground.*

Colin Clout.

A Shepheards boye (no better do him call)
When winters waſtful ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſunſhine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.
So faint they wore, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnethes their feete could them vphold.

Ianuarie.

All as the shéepe, such was the Shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May séeme he lovde, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his shéepe there fed.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, raigneth in my hart,
My life bloud fréesing with vnkindly cold:
Such stormie stourdes do bréede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, it is alreadie donne.

You naked trées, whose shadie leaues are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoarie frost,
In stéede of blossomes, wherwith your buds did flowre.
I sée your teares, that from your boughes do raine,
Whose drops in drerie ysicles remaine.

Also my lustfull leafe is drie and seare,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
Thy blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted.

And

And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the yicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees ars weake through fast and euill fare:
Paist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy maisters minde is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand sighes I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke ten thousand sighes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with daily suit:
His clownish gifts and curtisies I disdaine.
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish Hobbinol, thy gifts been vaine:
Colin them giues to Rosalind againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why do I loue:)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne:)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake:
And laughes the songs, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my pipe, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou vnluckie Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should.
Both pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abye:
So broke his Oaten pipe, and downe did lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe,
His wearie waine, and now the frostie Night:

Ianuarie.

Yer mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensiue boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Celins Embleme.

Anchora speme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seene a poesie of *M. Skeltons* vnder that title. But indeede the worde of *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French Poet *Marot*) if he be worthie of the name of a Poet) in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder which name this Poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter, then such Latin names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vnnethes, scarcely.

Couthe, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthie Sir *Tho. Smith* in his booke of gouernment: wherof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my verie singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Haruey*, as also of some other his most graue ond excellent writings.

Sythe, time. *Neighbour towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latin, *Vicina*.

Stoure, a fit. *Sere*, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse.

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, whereby, it beeing so common and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his verie especiall and most familiar friend, whome he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall bee more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauor of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Pæderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcybiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is much to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeede hee loued *Alcybiades* extreemely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcybiades* owne selfe. And so is *pæderastice* much to bee referred before *Gynerastice*, that is the loue which inflameth men with lust toward woman kinde. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with Lucian, or his diuellish Disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sins of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue, a pretie Eponorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith (*I loue thilke lasse alas: &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a feined name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whome by that name he coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Julia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Arruntius Stella* euerie where call his Lady *Asteris* and *Iantines*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Statius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragon of *Italy*, *Madonna Celia* in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Lyra*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellerbia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaiting the names of secrete personages.

Auail, bring downe.

Embleme.

Embleme.

Outhaile, drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Ancbora ſpeme*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreeme passion and luckleſſe loue, yet leauing on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.

Aegloga Secunda.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to anie ſecret or particular purpoſe. It ſpecially containeth a diſcourſe of olde age, in the perſon of Thenot *an olde Shepheard, who for his crookedneſſe and vnluſtineſſe, is ſcorned of* Cuddie, *an vnhappie* Heardmans boye. *The matter verie well accordeth with the ſeaſon of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were, drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of yeare, ſo then in our bodies there is a drie and withering colde, whiche congealeth the crudled bloud, and frieſeth the weather beaten fleſhe, with ſtormes of Fortune, and hoare froſtes of Care.*

To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set foorth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

Cuddie. Thenot.

Ay for pitie, will rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blastes neuer gin taswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide.
All as I were through the bodie gride.
My ragged rontes all shiuer and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the winde swagge their wriggle tailes,
Perke as a Peacocke: but now it anailes.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his common course
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the luckie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise thirtie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heat,
Of sommers flame, nor of winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foe man,
But gently toke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No marueile Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare.
For age and winter accord full nie,
Both chill, both cold, both crooked, both wrie.
And as the lowring wether lookes downe,

So seemest thou like good friday to frowne.
But my flouring youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

Thenot.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once sea-beat, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you litle heardgromes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded bromes.
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pipes made of greene corne.
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare,
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare.
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the hart.
Then is your careless courage accoyed,
Your carefull heardes with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

Cuddie.

Ah foolish olde man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee.
Or sicker thy head verie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now bene mine,
To other delightes they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to carroll of Loue,
And hery with himnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis praise:
But Phillis is mine for mante daies.

I wonne

I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepheardes would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

Thenot.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to bost,
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

Cuddie.

Séest, how brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as brade, as rainebow bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
Sée how he venteth into the winde,
Wéenest of loue is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with colde, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather lambes bene starued with colde,
All for their maister is lustlesse and olde.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainely to aduance thy healesse hood.
For Ynough is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne penaunce
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoast of Gréeuaunce.
But shall I tell thée a tale of trueth,
Which I cond of Tityrns in my youth,
Keeping his shéepe on the hilles of Kent?

Cuddie.

To nought more Thenot, my minde is bent,
Then to heare nouels of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespeake.

Thenot.

Thenot.

Manie méete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

THere grew an aged Tréé on the gréene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it beene,
With armes ful strong and largelie displaide,
But of their leaues they were disaraide:
The bodie bigge, and mightilie pight,
Throughlie rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded manie swine.
But now the graie mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decaied, his braunches sere,
Hard by his side grew a bragging breere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossomes faire,
And thereto aye wonned to repaire
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To paint their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his smal bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish breere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why stands there (quoth) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruit, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers ben spred,
Died in Lilly white, and Cremsin red,
With Leaues engrained in luskie greene,
Colours meet to clothe a mayden Queene.

Thy waſſe bignes but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beautie of my bloſſomes round.
The moiſtie moſſe, which thée accloieth,
My Sinamon ſmell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore ſoone I rede thée hence remoue,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure proue.
So ſpake this bold Brere with great diſdaine:
Little him anſwered the Dake againe,
But yeelded, with ſhame and griefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrawed.
It chaunced after vpon a day,
The husbandman ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome for to ſeruewe his ground,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe round.
Him when the ſpitefull Brere had eſpyed,
Cauſeleſſe complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your Suppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruel conſtraint,
Which I your poore Vaſſall dayly endure:
And but your goodneſſe the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enimie.
Greatly agaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Brere in his plaint proceede,
With painted wordes tho gan this proud weede,
(As moſt vſen Ambitious folke:)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land.
With flowring bloſſomes, to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlet berries in Sommer time?
Now falls it then, that this faded Dake.

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fire,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindering with his shade my lonely light,
And robbing me of the sweete sunnes sight:
So beate his olde boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wide:
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh Flowrets bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your gaudy head to asswage
The rankorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from grievaunce.
To this, this Dake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so readie should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye litle helpe to harme there needeth):
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many woundes in the walke Dake.
The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the senseless yron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a misterée.
And often crost with the priests crewe,
And often hallowed with holie water dewe.
But sike fansies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie.
For nought mought they quitten him from decaie:
For fiercely the good man at him did laie.
The block oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to sée his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the stéele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Thearth shronke vnder him, and séemed to shake.
There lieth the Oake, pitied of none.
Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glée had no continuance.
For eftsoones Winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beat vpon the solitarie Brere:
For now no succour was séene him néere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late:
Yor naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
That now vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thende of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning Eld.

Cuddie.

Now I pray thée Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and litle worth.

So

So long haue I listned to thy speche,
That grafted to the ground is my breche:
My heart bloud is welnigh froyne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my hele:
But litle ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,
Yie thee home Shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.
Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

Cuddies Embleme.
Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene, sharpe.

Gride, perced: an olde word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not founde (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Rouis, yoong bullockes.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogues.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publianus, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse,

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careless suggardes or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad when sodeinly they be ouertaken with colde.

But eft when, A very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for olde age, or for Winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter.
Accoyed, plucked downe and daunted.
Elde, olde age.
Sicker, sure.
Corbe, crooked.
Chamfred, chapt, or wrinckled.
Stourdie, pride.
Totter, wauering
Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maide vnknowne, whom Cuddie, whose person is secret, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuane.

Belte, a girdle or waste band.
A fon, a foole.
Lyth, Soft and gentle.
Vent'th, snuffeth in the winde.
Thy flockes father, the Ramme.
Crags, neckes.
Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youthes, ... morall and pithie Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a weatie wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of Poetrie shall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, Full of morall wiser esse.

Februarie.

There grew, This tale of the Oake and the Breere, hee telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kinde, and rather like to Aesops fables. It is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainefull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned. *To wonne*, to haunt or frequent. *Sne's*, checke.

Waystaid, The speach is scornfull and verie presumpteous. *Engrained*, dyed in graine.

Accloieth, accombreth. *Alaved*, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees fit for timber wood. *Sterne strife*, said Chaucer s. fell and stardy. *O my liege*, A maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speach of ambitious men.

Coronall, Garland. *Flowrets*, young blossomes.

The Primrose, The chiefe and worthiest.

Nake larmes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blo'l, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they say) *Kar' exhasnon*.

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. *Nould*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore. *Woundes*, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The pri'stes crew, holy water pot, wherewith the popish priest vsed to sprinkele and hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindnes was in those times, which the Poet supposeth to haue beene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned, a liuely figure, which giueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt grauido. &c.*

Boreas, The Northrne wind, that bringeth the most stormie weather.

Glee, cheare and iollity.

For scorning Eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto their dayes, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto, whom God will so blesse, and albeit that many euil men reach vnto such fulnes of yeares, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euil men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the olde man checketh the raw-headed boye, for despising his gray and frostie haires.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbusse with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deede at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an olde opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceite, that men of yeares haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as yonger folke. For that being ripened with long experience, and hauing passed manye bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of Gods, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisedome armed against all mischances and aduersitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides: like vnto the Ape, of which is saide in Aesops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion hee was at first sore agast and dismaide at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he woold familiarly gybe and iest with him: Such long experience beredeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus, a great clarke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably

to

to conſtrue it in his Adages for his owne behooſe. That by the prouerbe, *Nemo Senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that olde men haue no feare of God at all, but that they bee farre from ſuperſtition and Idolatrous regarde of falſe Gods as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithſtanding, it is too plaine to be gainesaide, that olde men are much more enclined to ſuch fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.

Ægloga Tertia.

Argument.

IN this Aeglogue two ſhepheards boyes taking occaſion of the ſeaſon, beginne to make purpoſe of loue and other pleaſaunce, which to ſpring-time, is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning hereof is to giue certaine markes and tokens, to knowe Cupid the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the perſon of Thomalin is meant ſome ſecret friend, who ſcorned loue and his knightes ſo long, till

atleugth

at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

Willye. Thomalin.

THomalin, why sitten we soe,
As were ouerwent with woe,
Upon so faire a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorow.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willy, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refresht:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And cloudie Welkin cleareth.

Willye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bower,
That new is vpryst from bed.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornfully lookes askaunce:
Tho will we litle Loue awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I weene thou be assot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

Willye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke:
Or made priuie to the same:

Thomalin.

No, but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray
The priuie markes I woulde bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For a las at home I haue a fyze,
A sle poame eke as hote as fyze,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomtlin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorrow,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappie Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Nought her neck bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelfe was to wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene,

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leaue to play,
I cost to go a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birdes in bushes tooting:
At length within the Yuie todde
(There shrowded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if anie thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moning of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, fiend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke:
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leueld againe,
And shotte at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shott, that all was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent:
And threwe: but nought auayled:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
There with affrad I ranne away:
But he, that earst seemed but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:
But sone it sore increased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to ceale it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day.
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Pearetree haunted.
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shaftes as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phoebus steepes his face:
Yts time to hatte vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of hony and of gaule in loue there is store.
The hony is much, but the gaule is more:

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue seemeth some wh[at] resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the olde man, that hee had shott at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned. to beware of mischiefe to come.

March.

Ouer went, ouergone,
To quell, to a bate,
Alegg, to leſſen or aſſwage,
Welken, the skie.

The ſwalow: Which bird vſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were, the forerunner of ſpring.

Flora, the Goddeſſe of flowres, but indeede (as ſaith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuſe of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of ſo great beneficence, appoynted a yeerely feaſt for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the Goddeſſe of all flowres, and doing yeerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bowre, that is the pleaſaunt field, or rather the Maye buſhes. *Maia* is a Goddeſſe and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name ſo called, as ſayth *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of ſome country laſſe.

Aſcaunce, askewe or aſquint.
For thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulneſſe. For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulneſſe. Wherein the ſoules being dipped, dyd forgette the cares of this former life. So that by our ſleeping in *Lethe* lacke, he meaneth hee was almoſt forgotten and out of knowledge. by reaſon of Winters hardneſſe when all pleaſures as it were, ſleepe and weare out of minde.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlomber, To breake Loues ſlomber, to exerciſe the delightes of Loue and wanton pleaſures.

Winges of Purple, ſo is he faigned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verſe.

Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt iniuſta nouerca &c.

Adell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verſe or charme, that in elder times they vſed often to ſay ouer euery thing. that they would haue preſerued, as the Nightſpell for theeues, and the Woodſpel. And therehence I thinke is named the Gods ſpell or worde. And ſo ſaith Chaucer, Liſteneth Lordinges to my ſpell,

Gange, goe.
An Tuie todde, a thicke buſhe.

Swaine, a boye: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poetes, to be a boye. ſ. alwaies freſhe and luſtie blindfolded, becauſe he maketh no difference of perſonages, with diuers coloured winges ſ. full of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is ſaide alſo to haue ſhaftes, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gratious and loued, and ſorrowe for the loue that is diſdained or forſaken. But who liſt more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let hym read eyther *Propetrius*, or *Moſchus* his *Idyllion* of wingering loue being now moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine by the ſingular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue ſeene amongeſt other of this Poetes doinges: very well tranſlated alſo into Engliſh Rymes.

Wimble and wighte, Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele, is verye Poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpecial iudgement. For I remember, that in *Homer* it is ſaide of *Thetis*, that ſhee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beyng newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Ryuer of *Styx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes waſhed therein, from any mortall wound: So *Achilles* beeyng waſhed all ouer, ſaue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt inuluerable: therefore by *Paris* was feyned to bee ſhotte with a poyſoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was buſie about the marying of *Polixena* in the temple of *Apollo*. Which myſticall fable *Euſtathius* vnfolding, ſaith: that by wounding the heele, is meant luſtfull loue, For from the heele (as ſay the beſt phiſitions) to the priuie partes there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſinnewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are carried like little pypes behinde the eares: ſo that (as ſayth *Hypocrates*) if thoſe veines there bee cut a ſunder the partie ſtraight becommeth cold and vntruitfull, Which reaſon our Poet well weighing, maketh

maketh this shepheardes boy of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched, caught. *Wroken*, reuenged.

For once, In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheardes opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phoebus, Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delightes of Loue, wherein wanton youthe walloweth, bee but follye mixte with bitternesse, and sorrowe sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that wee woulde not haue: euen the selfe thinges which best before vs liked, in course of time, and chaunge of riper yeeres, which also therewithall chaungeth our woonted liking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothesome and breede vs annoyaunce, when youthes flower is withered, and wee finde our bodyes and wittes vnnswere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

Aprill.

Aegloga Quarta.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. *The speakers herein be* Hobbinoll *and* Thenot, *two shepheardes: the which* Hobbinoll *being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued* Colin, *is here sette forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his minde was alienate and with drawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies as well in pleasaunt piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other hys laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion for proofe his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song, which they sayd* Colin *somestime made in honor of her Maiestie, whome abruptly he termeth Elisa.*

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?
Or bene thine eies attempred to the yeare,

Quenching

Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne:
Like Aprill showre, so streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

Hobbinoll.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loued so deare,
Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
Ye plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

Shepheardes delight he doth them all forsweare.
His pleasaunt Pipe, which made vs meriment,
Ye wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songes, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Is loue such pinching paine to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his maddyng minde is start,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now fayre Rosalinde hath brede his smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes doe gaze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his laye
Of fayre Elisa, Quene of Shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And turned it vnto the waters fall.

Aprill.

YE daintie Nymphes, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
at my request.
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy prayse,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long.
In princely plight.
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte:
Which Pan the shepheardes God of her begotte:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelike face,
Like Phoebe fayre:
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare:
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like, but there:

I ſawe Phœbus thruſt out his golden hed,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he ſaw, how broad her beames did ſpred,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to ſæ another Sunne below,
Ne durſt againe his firie face out show:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightneſſe compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy ſelfe Cynthia with thy ſiluer raies,
and be not abaſht:
When ſhe the beames of her beautie diſplaies,
O how art thou daſht?
But I will not match her with Latonaes ſæde,
Such follie great ſorrow to Niobe did brædе,
Sow ſhe is a ſtone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take hæde.

Pan may be prowde, that euer he begot
ſuch a Bellibone,
And Syrinx reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare ſuch an one.
Sone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lamb:
Shæ is my goddeſſe plaine,
And I her ſhepheards ſwaine,
Albæ forſwonck and forſwatt I am.

I ſæ Calliope ſpæd her to the place,
where my Goddeſſe ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay-branches, which they do beare,
All for Elſa in her hand to weare?
So ſwætely they play:
And ſing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deftly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that roome to my Ladie be yeuen:
Shée shalbe a grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beute of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chlores, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres do surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See, that your rudenesse do not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets fast,
And gird in your waste.
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring heather the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
with Gellifloures:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisance.
Shall match with the faire floure Delice.

Now rise vp Elisa, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsels may depart
eche one her way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song.
And if you come heather,
When Damsines I geather,
I will part them all among.

Thenot.

And was thilke same song of Colins owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinoll.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase:
But let vs homeward for night draweth on,
And twinckling starres the dailight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

Aprill.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, cauſeth thee weepe and complaine. *Forlorne*, left and forſaken.

Attempred to the yeere, agreeable to the ſeaſon of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is moſt bent to ſhowres and ſeaſonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, cauſed through drineſſe of March windes.

The ladde, Colin Clout. *The laſſe*, Roſalinda. *Treſſed lockes*, withered and curled.

's he for a ladde, A ſtraunge maner of ſpeaking. ſ. what maner of Lad is he?

To make, to rime and verſifie. For in this word, making, our olde Engliſh Poets were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrie, according to the Greek word *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenſt, knoweſt. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteineth to ſome Southerne noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather becauſe hee ſo often nameth the Kentiſh downes, and before, *A ſlythe*, as laſſe of Kent.

The widowes, Hee calleth Roſalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather ſayde to colour and conceale the perſon, then ſimply ſpoken. For it is wel knowne, euen in ſpight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that ſhe is a Gentlewoman of no meane houſe, nor endewed with any vulgar and common gifts both of nature and manners: but ſuch in deede, as needs neither *Colin* bee aſhamed to haue her made knowne by his verſes, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued, that ſo ſhee ſhould be commended to immortalitie for her rare and ſinguler vertues: Specially deſeruing it no leſſe, then either *Myrto* the moſt excellent Poet *Theocritus* his dearling, or *Lauretta* the diuine Petraches Goddeſſe, or *Himera* the worthie Poet *Steſichorus* his Idole: Vpon whome he is ſaid ſo much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he ſcorned and wrote againſt the beautie of *Helena*. For which his preſumptuous and vnheedie hardineſſe, he is ſayd by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue loſt both his eyes.

Frenne, a ſtraunger. The word I thinke was firſt poetically put, and afterward vſed in common cuſtome of ſpeech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned. *Lore*, a ſonge. as Rounſelayes and Virelayes.

In all this ſong is not to be reſpected, what the worthineſſe of her Maieſtie deſerueth, nor what to the highneſſe of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moſt comely for the meaneſſe of a ſhepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elyſa*, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: and a ſhepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a ſhepheards boy brought vp in the ſheepefolde, ſhould know, or euer ſeeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

Tee daintie, is, as it were an *Exordium ad præparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muſes, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whoſe abode the Poets faine to be on Parnaſſus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey ſpecially flouriſhed the honour of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnaſſus, and alſo of a mountaine in Beætia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Caſtalius, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of which ſpring it is ſaide, that when Pegaſus the winged horſe of Perſeus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) ſtrooke the ground with his hoofe, ſodainly thereout ſprang a wel of moſt cleare, and pleaſant water, which frothence was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong, ſeemeth to imitate the like in Heſyodus *argureen melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue purſued ſhe flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the reedes in ſteede of the Damoſel, and puffing hard (for he was almoſt out of winde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe: which he ſeeing tooke of them, and in remembrance of his loſt loue, made him a pipe thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the ſhepheard ſimply meant thoſe Poeticall Gods: but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progeny to be diuine and immortall (ſo as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers ſaying.

Tityrus

Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos.
Time d" ek dios esti, philes de è metieta Zeu,

could diuise no parents in his iudgement so worthie for her, as Pan the shepheardes God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse Father, late of worthie memorie king Henry the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kinges and mightye Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepheards.

Vermeil coronet, hee deuiseth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicat flowers, in steede of pearles and precious stones, wherewith Princesse Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Emblemish, beautified and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose long discorde and deadly debate, this Realme many yeares was sore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed. Till the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edwarde of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henry the Eight aforesaide, in whom was the first vnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nyne Muses: to whom they assigne the honour of all Poeticall inuention, and the first glory of the Heroicall verse, other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rethorick: but by Virgill it is manifest, that they mistake the king. For there in his Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both speciall partes of Rhetoricke: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraece, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay Braunches, be the signe of honour and victory, and therefore of mightie Conquerors worne in their triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d'Imperadori & de Poeti, &c.

The Graces, bee three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are *Agalaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth, s. *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charites*, that is thanckes. Whom the poets fained to bee Goddesses of all beautie and comelinesse, which therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry actions in liberality. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were in deed on the toumbe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe towarde vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two towarde vs, noting double thanke to bee due to vs for the benefit wee haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie, A beautie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or a troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of larkes, euen as a Couey of Partidges, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the Lake, bee Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion among the auncient Heathen, that of euerie spring and fountaine was a godnesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stucke in the mindes of men not many yeares sithence, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the authours of king Arthure the great, and such like who tell

many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the worde Nymphe in Greece signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

Bedight, called or named.

Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whom is saide, that Zephyrus the Westerne winde being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowry, the chiefedom and soueraintie of all flowers and greene hearbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene, the Oliue was wont to be the enfigne of peace and quietnesse either for that it can not be planted & pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Olive tree they say, will not grow neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for Speares and other instruments of warre. Whereupon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua strooue for the naming of the Citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his *Mace*, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it shoulde bee a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheards simplicitie.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine, a flower in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flowre deluce, being in Latin called *Flos delitiarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibell, homely spoken for a faire maide or Bonilasse.

Forswoncke, and forswat, ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phœbus, the sunne. A sencible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Paronsis*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cinthus* a hill, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seed, was *Apollo*, and *Diana*. Whom when as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* being therewith displeased, commanded her sonne *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughtars: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained of the Poets to be turned into a stone vpon the Sepulchre of her children, for which cause the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Now rise, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

When Dawsins, A base rewarde of a clownish giuet.

Yolent, Y, is a Poeticall addition, blent, blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, and there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianes* damosels: being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinitie *Hobbinoll* comparing the exellency of *Elyssa*, and being through the worthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise vnable, then by sodaine silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceite. Whom *Thenot* answereth with another parte of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuance, that *Elyssa* is no whit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of whom the Poet so boldly pronounced, *O Dea certe*.

Maye.

Maye.

Ægloga Qüinta.

Argument.

IN this first Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepeheardes Piers *and* Palinode, *be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique, whose chife talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must bee like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to maintaine anie felowship, or giue too much credit to their colorable and fained good-will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.*

Palinode.

Palinode. Piers.

IS not thilke the merie moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray:
How falles it then, we no merrier beene,
Vlke as others, girt in gawdie greene?
Our blonket liueries bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is yclad
With pleasance: the ground with grasse, the Woods,
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming Buds,
Youghthes folke now flocken in euerie where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling Brere:
And home they hasten the posies to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With hawthorne budds, and sweete Eglantine.
And girlands of Roses and Sops in wine.
Such merie make holy Saintes doth queme,
But we here sitten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers Palinode such follies sitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witte.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrow, no lenger agoe,
I saw a shole of shepheards out goe,
With singing, and shouting, and iollie chere:
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the manie a horne pype plaide,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Ladie Flora, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend.

Of louely Nimphes.(O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their Maybush beare.)
Ah Piers,bene not thy téeth on edge,to thinke,
How great spoꝛt they gaynen with litle swinke.

Piers.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours litle regarden their charge,
While they letting their shéepe runne at large,
Passen their time,that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meriment.
Thilke same bene shepheards foꝛ the diuels steede,
That playen,while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well it is séene,their shéepe be not their owne,
That letten them runne at random alone.
But they bene hyred foꝛ litle pay
Of other,that caren as litle as they,
What fallen the flocke,so they han they fléece,
And get all the gaine,paying but a péece.
I muse,what accompt both these will make,
The one foꝛ the hire,which he doth take,
And thother foꝛ leauing his Loꝛds taske,
When gread Pan account of shepheards should aske.

Palinode.

Sicker now I sée thou speakest of spight,
All foꝛ thou lackest somdele their delight.
I(as I am)had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe,then fonly pitied:
And yet if nède were,pitied would be,
Rather,than other should scoꝛne at me:
Foꝛ pitied is mishap,that nas remedie,
But scoꝛned bene dédes of fond folerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruit thereof,that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen,at ease and leasure:
Foꝛ when they bene dead,their good is ygoe,

They slæpen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

Piers.

Ah Palinode, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought nædes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to saie,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laie:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage do impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But shepheard must walke another way.
Sike worldly sauenance he must forecsay.
The sonne of his loines why he should regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood:
For if he millíue in lewdnes and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritance:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong cheuisance,
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
The flouds whereof shall them ouerflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes foolish care.
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is ment,
Euill ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe returne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
When shepheards had none inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought paning, nought feared they to forgoe,
For Pan himselfe was their inheritance,
And little them serued for their maintenance.
The shepheards God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprouided,
Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nourse of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysance,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernance,
And match themselfe with mightie potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to loke aloft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho under colour of Shepheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did him keepe.
This was the first sourse of Shepheards sorow,
That now nill be quit with baile, nor borow.

Palinode.

Three things to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious,
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So whan choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou railest on right without reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How woulden shepheards liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in paine and woe?
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrow,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.
Sorrow ne needs be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anon,
While times endure of tranquilitie,
Then we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought w̄ our shoulders bear of the sharp showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheards so witen eche others life,
And layen her faultes the world before,
The while their foes done ech of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended,
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepheard, I list no accordance make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace was the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false hearts bene hid,
Will do, as did the Fore by the Kid.

Palinode.

Now Piers, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Lad can keep both our flockes from straying.

Piers.

Piers.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was to verie foolish and vnwise.
Foron a time in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.
Yode forth abroad vnto the grene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.
But for she had a motherlie care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought be:
His Veluet head began to shoot out,
And his wretched hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth rankly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
God blesse the poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send the ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake with paine:
For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the branches of his body display,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight:
But ah false fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cut of his dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his foe.
Now I a wailefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowers of lustie heade.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hautie hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thirling throbbe from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,

With some olde sorow that made a new breach:
Seemed she saw in (the younglings face
The olde lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her soleine silence she broke.
And gan his new budded beard to stroke
Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which manie wilde beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fore, maister of collusion:
For he was vowed thy last confusion,
For thy my Kiddie be rulde by me,
And neuer giue truste to his treacherée:
And if he chance come, when I am abroad,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude,
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best
Open the doore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensiue Dame out of doore,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold floore:
Her stombling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such) as signes of ill lucke bene dispraised)
Yet forth she yode thereat halfe agast,
And Kiddie the doore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false Fore came to the doore anone,
Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in his packe.
A Biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeece he felt a sore paine.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,
And laide him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack-

Ah deare Lord, and swéet Saint Charitée,
That some good body would once pitie mée.
Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And longd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho créeping close behinde the Wickets clinck,
Priuily he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so priuily, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceiptfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good yong maister (then gan he crye)
Jesus blesse that swéet face I espye,
And kéepe your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.
The Kidde pittying his heauinesse
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well yeond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastly head.
I am a poore shéepe, albe my colour donne:
For with long trauaile I am brent in the sonne,
And if that my Grandsire me saide, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your godlyhead do not disdaine,
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and fauour then I you pray,
With your aide to forestall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he toke:
Wherein wile Kiddie vnwares did loke:
Ye was so enamoured with the newell,
That nought he déemed deare for the Jewell.
Tho opened he the doore, and in came
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
Lest he should be descried by his traine.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glée,
All for the loue of the glasse he did sée.

After his cheare the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shew manie a fine knack,
Who shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he had left behinde
In the basket for the Kidde to finde.
Which when the kidde stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the doore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtful Dame had her hide,
She mought see the doore stand open wide.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the floore she saw the marchandise,
Of which her sonne had set to deare a price.
What helpe? her Kidde she knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all him remaine,
That of such falsers friendship bene faine.

Palinode.

Truely Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sr John, to say to morrow,
At the Kerke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can say,
But and if Fores bene so craftie, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards him to know.

Piers.

Of their falshood more could I recount,
But now the bright sonne ginneth to dismount:
And for the dewie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs home to hye.

Palinodes Embleme

Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

Piers his Embleme,

Tis d'ara piſtis apiſto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this ſame moneth. It is applied to the ſeaſon of the moneth, when all men de, ſight themſelues with pleaſaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Blonket liueries, gray coates. *Ycladd*, arrayed. *Y*, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where, a ſtrange, yet proper kinde of ſpeaking.

Buskets. a diminutiue. ſ. little buſhes of hauthorne. *Kirke*, Church.

Queme, pleaſe.

A ſhole, a multitude, taken of fiſhe, whereof ſome going in great companyes, are ſayde to ſwimme in a ſhole.

Yode, went. *Ionyſſaunce*, ioye. *Swincke*, labour. *Iuly*, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all ſhepheardes, which calleth himſelfe the great and good ſhepheard, The name is moſt rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for *Pan* ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Ieſus, And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Euſebius* in his fifth booke *De Preparat. Euange*, who thereof telleth a proper ſtorie to that purpoſe. Which ſtory is firſt recorded of *Plutarche*, in his booke of the ceaſing of Itacles, and of *Lauatere* tranſlated, in his booke of walking ſprights. Who ſayth, that about the ſame time, that our Lorde ſuffered his moſt bitteer paſſion, for the redemption of man, certaine paſſengers ſayling from *Italy* to *Cyprus*, and paſſing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling alowde *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Aegyptian, which was Pylote of the ſhip,) who giuing eare to the crie, was bidden, when hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to *Palodes*, there ſodainely was ſuch a calme of winde, that the ſhip ſtoode ſtyll in the ſea vnmooued, he was forced to crie alowde, that *Pan* was dead: whe rewithall there was heard ſuch piteous outcryes and dreadfull ſhriking, as hath not bene the like. By which *Pan*, though of ſome bee vnderſtoode the great Satanas, whoſe kingdome at that time was by Chriſt conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſayth, all Oracles ſurceaſed, and enchaunted ſpirites, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould bee, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie* and *Penelope*, yet I thinke it more properly ment of the death of Chriſt, the onely and very *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerb. *Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miſcreſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for would not.

The with them, doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which cauſed to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tully*.

„ *Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido*
„ *Hauſit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

which may thus bee turned into Engliſh.

„ All that I eate did I ioy, and all that I greedily gorged:
„ As for thoſe many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Earle of Deuonſhire, which though much more

wiſedome be wrayeth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delightes and beaſtlineſſe, the tymes be theſe:

» Ho, Ho, who lyes here?
» I the good Erle of Deuonſhire,
» And Maulde my wyfe, that was full deare,
» Wee lyued together lv. yeare?
» That wee ſpent, wee had:
» That wee gaue, wee haue:
» That wee left, wee loſt.

Algrim, the name of a ſhepheard. *Men of the Lay*, Lay men.

Enawnter, leaſt that

Souenaunce, remembrance. *Miſcreaunce*, diſpaire or miſbeliefe.

Cheuiſaunce, ſometime of Chaucer vſed for gaine: ſometime of other for ſpoyle, or bootie or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefedome.

Pan himſelfe, God, according as is ſaid in Deutronomie, that in diuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leuie*, no portion of heritage ſhould bee allotted, for God himſelfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan, ment of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian prelates, which vſurp a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfait keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednes and inſolent gouernment. Nought here ſpoken, as of purpoſe to denie fatherly rule and gouernaunce (as ſome malitiouſly of late haue done to the great vnreſt and hinderaunce of the Church) but to diſplay the pride and diſorder of ſuch, as in ſteede of feeding their ſheepe in deede feede of their ſheepe.

Sourſe, welſpring and originall. *Barrowe*, pledge or ſuertie.

The Giaunt, is the great Atlas, whom the Poets fayne to be a huge Giaunt, that beareth Heauen on his ſhoulders: being in deede a maruaylous high mountaine in Mautania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans ſeeming perceth the cloudes, and ſeemeth to touche the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amiſſe, that this fable was ment of one Atlas king of the ſame countrey, (who as the Greekes ſay) did firſt finde out the hidden courſes of the ſtarres, by an excellent imagination, wherefore the Poets fayned that hee ſuſtayned the firmament on his ſhoulders: Many other coniectures needeleſſe be tolde hereof.

Warke, Worke. *Encheaſon*, cauſe, occaſion.

Deare borow, that is our Sauiour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame. *Nought ſeemeth*, is vnſeemly. *Conteck*, ſtrife, contention.

Her, their, as v.ſeth Chaucer. *Han*, for haue. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Aeſops fables, but the Cataſtrophe and end is farre differeat. By the Kidde may bee vnderſtoode the ſimple ſorte of the faithfull and true Chriſtians. By his damme Chriſt, that hath alreadie with carefull watch-words (as here doth the gote) warned her little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the falſe and faithleſſe Papiſtes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowſhip to be vſed.

The gate, the Gote: Northernly ſpoken, to turne O into A. *Yode*, went, aforeſayd.

Shee ſet, A figure called *Fictio*, which vſeth to attribute reaſonable actions, and ſpeaches to vnreaſonable creatures.

The bloſſomes of luſt, be the young and moſſy hayres, which then begin to ſprout and ſhoote forth, when luſtfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Patdos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That worde, a patheticall parentheſis, to encreaſe a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch, of the fathers body, is the childe.

For euen ſo, alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſighe. *Liggen*, lye,

Maiſter of colluſion, ſ. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of all beaſtes is moſt wily and craftye.

Sperre the yate, ſhut the dore.

For ſuch, the Gotes ſtombling is here noted as aneuill ſigne. The like to bee marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lorde Haſtinges in king Richarde the thirde his dayes. For beſide his daungerous dreme (which was a ſhrewde propheſie of his miſhap, that followed) it is ſayd, that in the morning riding to ward the towre of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtombled twiſe or thriſe by the way: which of ſome, that riding with him in his company, were priuie to his neere deſteny was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great miſhap, that enſewed. For being then as merie as man might bee, and leaſt doubting any mortall daunger, hee was within two howres after, of the tyraunt put to a ſhamefull death.

As belles, by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no ſmall religion in Belles, and Babies. i. Idoles, and glaſſes. i. Paxes, and ſuch like trumperies.

Great colde, for they boaſt much of their outwarde patience, and voluntarie, ſufferaunce as a worke of merite and holy humbleneſſe.

Sweete S. Charitie, the Catholiques common othe, and onely ſpeache, to haue charity alwaies in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth & godly zeale.

Clincke, a key hole. Whoſe diminutiue is clicket, vſed of Chaucer for a key.

Stowndes, fittes: aforeſaide. *His lere*, his leſſon. *Medled*, mingled.

Beaſtlihead, a greening to the perſon of a beaſt. *Sibbe*, of kynne.

Newell, a new thing. *To foreſtall*, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforeſayd.

Deare a price, his lyfe, which hee loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whoſe purpoſe is to warne the proteſtant beware, how hee geueth credite to the vnfaithfull Catholique: whereof wee haue dayly proofes ſufficient, but one moſt famous of all, practiſed of late yeeres by Charles the nynth.

Fayne, gladde or deſirous.

Our ſir Iohn, a Popiſh prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to craunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nye*, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that bee diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehood breedeth miſtruſt in the minde, thinking no leſſe guile to lurke in others, then in himſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replieth with an other peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of their religion. And this is all that they ſay.

Iune.

Ægloga Sexta.

Argument.

THis *Aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complayninge of* Collins *ill succesſe in his loue. For being (as is a foreſayde) enamored of a Countrye laſſe* Roſalind. *and hauing (as ſeemeth) founde Place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare frinde* Hobbinoll, *that hee is nowe forſaken vnfaythfully, and in his ſteede* Menalcas *another ſhepheard receiued diſloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.*

Hobbinoll

Hobbinoll. Colin Clout.

LO Colin, here the place, whose pleasaunt sight
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,
Tell mee, what wants mée here, to worke delight:
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde:
The grassie grounde with daintie Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrdes of euery kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde which Adam lost,
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Without dread of Wolues to bene ytost:
Thy louely layes here maist thou freely boste.
But I vnhappie man, whom cruell fate,
And angrie Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde, to shouder my luckelesse pate:

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by mee thou list aduised bee,
Forsacke the soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leaue mée those hilles, where harborough nis to sée,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witch.
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to sée.
Here no night Rauen lodge more black then pitch,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles doe flée.

But frindly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes can chase the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Pernasse bight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such pierlisse pleasures haue wée in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yéares,
Did let mee walke withouten lincks of loue,
In ſuch delights did ioy amongſt my péeres:
But ryper age ſuch pleaſures doth repróue,
My ſanſie eke from former follies móue
To ſtayed ſteps for time in paſſing weares
(As garments doen, which weren olde aboue)
And dráweth newe delights with hoarie heares.

Tho couth I ſing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſéeke for Quéene-apples vnrype,
To giue my Roſalind, and in Sommer ſhade
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yéeres móre rype,
And loſſe of her, whoſe loue as lyfe I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and rounde layes,
Which thou were wont on waſtefull hilles to ſing,
I móre delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whoſe Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring.
And taught the byrdes, which in the lower ſpring
Did chroude in ſhady leaues from ſunny rayes,
Frame to thy ſonge their chéerefull cheriping,
Or holde their peace, for ſhame of thy ſwéete layes.

I ſawe Calliope with Muſes moe,
Soone as the Oaten pype began to ſounde,
Their yuory Luites and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they ſat arounde,
Renne after haſtely thy ſiluer ſounde.
But when they came, where thou thy ſkill didſt ſhowe,
They dráwe abacke, as halfe with ſhame confounde,
Shepheard to ſee, them in their art out-goe.

COL-

COLLIN.

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, I conne no ſkill,
For they bene daughters of the higheſt Ioue,
And holden ſcorne of homely ſhepheards quill,
For ſith I heard, that Pan with Phœbus ſtroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger dроue,
I neuer liſt preſume to Parnaſſe hill,
But pyping low in ſhade of lowlie groue,
I plaie to pleaſe my ſelfe, all bee it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtriue to winnes, renowne, or paſſe the reſt:
With ſhepheard ſittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocks in fieldes, where falls hem beſt,
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely dreſt,
The fitter they, my carefull caſe to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my vnreſt,
And poure my piteous plaintes out in the ſame.

The God of ſhepheards Tityrus is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
Hee: whilſt hee liued, was the ſoueraigne head
Of ſhepheards all, that bene with loue ytake.
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our ſhoepe about vs ſafely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why ſhould death on him ſuch out rage ſhowe:)
And all his paſſing ſkill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.
But if on mee ſome little drops would flowe,
Of that the ſpring was in his learned hedde,
I ſoone would learne theſe woods, to waile my woe
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to ſhedde,

Then

Then should my plaintes, cause of discurtesee,
As messengers of my plainefull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou Menalcas, that by trecherœ
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to ware so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wishe I were,
Yee gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe fæde,
Whether on hylles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked dæde:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a weede,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,
That shee the truest shepheards heart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe,
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voyde of grace,
That art the rote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise yee blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambs, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delightes. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinol* made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the moste learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile and pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the history of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Riuers (which are sayd in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for special occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue been partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the Northpartes came into the South, as Hobbinol in deed aduised him priuately.

Those hilles, that is in the North country, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they bee full of hils and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kauish* in the Saxons toong signifieth woody) yet in respect of the Northparts they bee called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher country.

Night Rauens, &c. By such hateful byrds, he meaneth al misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Friendly Faeries, the opinion of Faeryes and Elfes is very olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of mennes heartes, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sorte of balde Fryers and knauish shauelynges so faigned, whiche as in all other thynges, so in that, sought to nousell the common people in ignoraunce, least beeyng once acquaynted with the trueth of thynges, they woulde in tyme smel out theyr vntrueth of theyr packed pelfe and Masse-peny religion. But the soothe is, that when all Italy was distracte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibalyns, beeyng two famous houses in Florence, the name beganne through theyr great mischiefes and manye outrages, to bee so odyous or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr Chyldren at anye tyme were frowarde and wanton, they woulde saye to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Whiche woordes nowe from them (as many thynges elfe) become into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, we say Elfes and Goblyns. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captayne, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde of Thalbot, afterwarde Earle of Shrewsbury, whose nobleneſſe bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft tymes euen great armyes were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there bee in deede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many giftes of bountie, there may be sayd more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sat a hundred Graces. And by that authoritye, this same Poette in hys Pageauntes sayeth. An hundred Graces on her eyelidde sat. &c.

Hay leguies, A country daunce or round. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes do daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasantneſſe of the soyle.

Peeres. Equals and fellow shepheards. *Queene-apples vnripe*, imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour grones, a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing. *Calliope*, aforesayd. This stanze is full of very poeticall inuention. *Tamburines*, an olde kinde of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Iune.

Pan with *Phœbus*, the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who beeing corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan vndeserued: for which Phœbus set a payre of Asses eares vppon his head, &c.

Tityrus, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently sayd, and by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he tolde merry tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales, whome he calleth the God of the Poets for his excellency, so as Tully calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*, i. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie. *Owly*, A prety Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurteisie: he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rotalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthie wite, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inuayeth.

Vndersong, vnderminde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that the first Aeglogue, Colins Posie was *Anchora spemo*: for that as then there was hope of fauour to bee founde in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, whiche is all the meauyng of this Embleme.

Aegloga ſeptima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good ſhepheards, and to the ſhame and diſpraiſe of proude and ambitious Paſtors. Such as Morrell *is here imagined to be.*

Thomalin. Morrell.

Is not thilke ſame a goteheard prowde,
that ſits on yonder bancke:
Whoſe ſtraying heard themſelf doth ſhrowde
emong the buſhes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly ſhepheards ſwaine,
come vp the hill to mee:
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God ſhield, man, that I ſhould clime,
and learne to loke aloft:
This reede is riſe, that oftentime
great clymbers fall vnſoft.

Iuly.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fieriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cup,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with dogges of noysome breath,
Whose baletull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heat
where thou hast couerture?
The wastfull hils vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thée lust, to holden that
with seely shepheards swaine,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can saine.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and witlesse words
to blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hils to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coast?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
saine most what, that they dwelt
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And wonneed not the great God Pan,
vpon the mount Oliuet:
Fæding the blessed flocke of Dan,
which did himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed shéepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare:
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues that would them teare.

Morrell.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place:
Where Titan riseth from this mayne,
to ren his dayly race.
Vpon whose top the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where Phœbe layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepeheards all
to fæd their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheards bene forclaid
from places of delight:
For thy I wæne thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles height.
Of Synah can I tell thée more
and of our Ladies bowre:
But little néedes to strow my store,
suffice this hell of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
and Syluanes haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that strickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:

Till with his Elder brother Themis.
His brackish waues he meynt
Here growes Melampode euerie where,
and Teribinth good for Gotes:
The one,my madding kidders to smere,
the nert to heale their throates.
Hereto,the hilles bene nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seldome sales byneath.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes like a lewd lorell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borell,
yet nearer waies I know.
To Kerke the narre,from God more farre,
has bene an old said sawe,
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a straw,
Alsone may shepheards climbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd proud that sitting hie,
vpon the mountaine sailes.
Wy sely shéepe like well below,
they néede not Melampode:
For they bene hale enough,I trow,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they y same might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the wædes be glutted.
The hilles where dwelled holy saintes,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe,but for the saincts,
which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to heauen forewent,
their good is with them goe:

Their sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought do soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and lined in lowly leas:
And sith their soules bene now at rest,
why done we them disease?
Such one he was, (as I taue heard
old Algrind ofte sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and lined with little gaine:
And meke he was, as meke mought be,
simple, as simple sheep,
Humble, and like in eche degrée
the flocke which he did keepe.
Often he vled of his kéepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kidde, now with a shéep
the Altars hallowing:
So louted he vnto his Lord,
such fauour couth he finde,
That neuer sithens was abhord,
the simple shepheards kinde.
And such I wéene the brethren were,
that came from Canaan:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mightie Pan.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
Whom Ida hill did beare,
That left his flocke, to fetch a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare:
For he was proud, that ill was paide,
(no such mought shepheards be)
And with lewd lust was ouerlaide:
sway things doen ill agrée:
But shepheards mought be méeke and milde,
well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies vndefiled,

and ſtout as ſtéede of braſſe.
Sicke one (ſaid Algrin) Moſes was,
that ſaw his makers face,
His face more cleare, then chriſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knew)
the firſt of all his cote.
A ſhepheard true, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were low, and lite,
and loued their flockes to fæde,
They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe,
and ſimple was their wæde.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend.
There wædes bene not ſo nighly wore,
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them uhend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath their God them bleſt,
They raigne and rulen ouer all,
and Lord it, as they liſt:
Ygyrt with beltes of glitter and gold,
(mought they good ſhepheards bene)
Their Pan their ſhepe to them has ſold,
I ſay as ſome haue ſéene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſaw thilke miſuſage.
For ſhepheards (ſaid he) there doen lead,
as Lordes doen otherwhere:
Their ſheep han cruſts, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chære:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſely ſhéepe the while)
The corne is theirs, let other threſh,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great store, and thrifty flockes,
great friendes and fœble foes:
What nede hem caren for their flockes,
their boyes can loke to those.
These wisards weltre in wealths waues,
pampred in pleasures dœpe:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their fatting flockes to kœpe.
Sike misser men bene all misgone,
they heapen hils of wrath:
Sike sylie shepheards han we none,
they kœpen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling:
Now sicker I see thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, than shall haue thanke,
to witen shepheards wealth:
When folke bene fat, and riches ranke,
it is a signe of health.
But say me, what is Algrin he,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in grée,
but hath bene long ypent.
One day he sat vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mée:
But I am taught by Algrins ill,
to loue the low degrée.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle sored hie:
That weening his white head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flie.
Shee wend the shellfish to haue broke,
but therewith bruzde his braine:
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lies in lingring paine.

Iuly.

Morrell.

Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time:
Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill
thou hast such doubt to clime.

Palinodes Embleme.
In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.
In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Gotehearde, by Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose Pastour also must needes be such.

Bancke, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, which wander out of the way of truth.

Als, for also. *Clombe*, spoken of Ambition. *Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse. *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.* *Mickle*, much.

The sunne, A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, accordyng to the time of the yeare, which is the hottest moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, bee two signes in the Firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is Poetically spoken, as if the sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meanyng whereof is, that in Iuly the sunne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge star, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Ouerture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers.

To holden chat, to talke and prate.

A loorde, was wont among the olde Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie here in Britany, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdanes. i. Lord danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pride of that nation was so outragious in this Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne backe, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abide the price of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whome they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane Ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swincke, countes much of thy paines. *Weetelesse*, not vnderstood.

S. Micaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus aforesayd. *Pan*, Christ. *Dan*, one trybe is put for the whole nation *per Synecdochen*.

Where Tytan, the sunne. Which story is to bee redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from whence hee saith, all night time is to be seene a mighty fire, as if the skie burned, which toward mornyng beginneth to gather a rounde forme, and therof riseth the sunne, whom the Poets call Tytan.

The shepheard, is Iiadymion, whom the Poets faine to haue been so beloued of Phœbe. i.

the

the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a cane by the space of thirty yeares, for to enioy his company.

There, that is in Paradise, where through errour of shepheards vnderstandyng, hee sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flockes, till one, (that is) Adam by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his Ofspryng be debarred and shut out from thence.

Synai, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladies Lowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Fawnes, or Syluanes, be of Poets fayned to be Gods of the Wood.

Medway, the name of a Riuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because hee is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt, myngled. *Melampode and Terebinth*, be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes, of thone speaketh Mantuan, and of thother, Theocritus.

Terminthus tragoon eikaton acremonia,

Nigher heauen, note the shepheards simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hilles is nearer way to heauen.

Leuin, Lightnyng, which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, because the lightnyng doth commonly light on high mountaines, accordyng to the saying of the Poet.

Feriunqtue summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, A lofell. *Aborrell*, a plaine fellow. *Narre*, nearer.

Hale, for hole. *Yede*, goe. *Frowye*, musty or mossie.

Of yore, long ago. *Forewent* gone afore.

The first shepheard, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheepe, as did his brother Caine to tillyng the ground.

His keepe, his charge. *I.* his flocke. *Lowted*, did honor and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmaisters, and liued only thereupon.

Wisen Ida, Paris which being the sonne of Priamus kyng of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which beyng with childe of him, dreamed shee brought forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, hee eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

Alasse, Helena the wife of Menelaus kyng of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sort of lusty Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten yeares war in Troy, and the most famous citie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called, because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalls, which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous paynting. *Belts*, Girdles.

Glatterand, glittering. a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogither in I. Goore.

Their Pan, that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, A shepheard, of whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wisards, great learned heads. *Welter*, wallow. *Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kinde of men. *Surly*, stately and prowde. *Melling*, medling.

Bett, better. *Bynempte*, named. *Gree*, for degree.

Algrin, the name of a shepheard aforesayd, whose mishap hee alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

July.

Embleme.

By this Poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speech by sundry reasons he had prooued, for beeyng both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without daunger, accordyng to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the mydst, beyng enuironed with two contrary vices: wherto Morrel replyeth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacy. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thyng be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to bee perfect happinesse. Much lyke to that which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doctor, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: which saying a gentle man in the company takyng at the rebound, beate backe againe with a lyke saying of another Doctor, as he sayd, *Suorum deus altissimus*.

Aegloga.

Aegloga Octaua.

Argument.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seuenth Æglouge. They choose for Vmpere of their strife, Cuddy a neatheards boy, who hauing ended their cause reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was Authour.

Willie. Perigot. Cuddie.

TEll mée Perigot, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musicke match:
Or bene thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioints benomd with ach?

Perigot.

Ah Willie, when the hart is ill assaide,
How can Bagpipe, or ioints be well apaide?

Willie.

What the foule euill hath thée so bestead?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepheards glad
With pyping and dauncing, did passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah VVillie now I haue learnd a new daunce:
My old muſicke marde by a new miſchaunce.

Willie.

Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment,
But reede me, what paine doth thee ſo apall?
Or loueſt thou, or bene thy younglings miſwent?

Perigot.

Loue hath miſled both my younglings, and me:
I pine for paine, and they may plaine to ſee.

VVillie.

Perdie and wellaway: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers ſheepe in good plight:
But and if rymes with me thou dare ſtriue,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That ſhall I doe, though mochell worſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſaide that Perigot was dared.

Willie.

Then loe Perigot the pledge, which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchaſed manie a faire ſight,
Of Beres and Tygers, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes,
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheard ſwaine,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſtes pawes:
And here with his ſheephooke hath him ſlaine.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſeene?
Well mought it beſeeme any harueſt Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis ſicke another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe,
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,

That

That he purchast of me in the plaine field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yéeld.

Willie.

Sicker make like account of of his brother,
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherwarde doth post.

Willie.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beat,
Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agréed Willie: then sit thée downe swaine:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Eynne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards twaine:
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Per. IT fell vpon a holy eue,
Will. hey ho holiday,
Per. When holy fathers wont to shriue:
Will. now ginneth this round delay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
Will. hey ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flocke did féed thereby,
Will. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone:
Will. hey ho Bonnibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Will. she can trip it verie well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Will. hey ho gray is greet,
Per. And in a kirtle of gréene say,
Will. the gréene is for maidens meet:
Per. A chaplet on her head she wore,
Will. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of swéet Violets therein was store,
Will. swéeter then the Violet.

Per. My ſheepe did leaue their wonted food,
Will. hey ho ſely ſheepe,
Per. And gaze on her, as they were wood.
Will. Wood as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilaſſe paſſed by,
Will. hey ho bonilaſſe,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Will. as cleare as the chriſtall glaſſe:
Per. All as the Sunny beame ſo bright,
Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glanceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Will. ſo loue into my hart did ſtreame:
Per. Or as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,
Will. hey ho the thunder,
Per. Wherein the lightſome leuin ſhroudes,
Will. ſo cleaues thy ſoule aſunder:
Per. Or as Dame Cynthias ſiluer ray
Will. hey ho the Mone light,
Per. Upon the glittering waue doth play:
Will. ſuch play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Will. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my ſoule was ſharpely gryde,
Will. ſuch woundes ſone weren wider.
Per. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
Will. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart rot:
Will. it was a deſperate ſhot.
Per. There it rancleth aye more and more,
Will. hey ho the arrow,
Per. Ne can I finde ſalue for my ſore:
Will. loue is a careles ſorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Will. hey ho beanie cheere,
Per. Yet ſhould thilke laſſe not from my thought:
Will. ſo you may buye golde to deere.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull lone I pyne,
Will. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in wealth, ye shalbe mine,
Will. but if thou can her obtaine.
Per. And if for gracelelle griefe I dye,
Will. hey ho gracelelle griefe,
Per. Witnelle, she slue me with her eye
Will. let thy folly be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shéepe,
Will. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shal wéepe,
Will. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I lone on a holly eue,
Will. hay ho holy day,
Per. That euer since my heart did greue.
Will. now endeth our roundlay.

Cuddie.

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh Perigot of the best.
And VVillye is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vnder songes well addrest.

VVillye.

Heardgrome, I fear me, thou haue a squint eye
Arede vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Faith of my soule, I deeme eche haue gained,
For thy let the Lambe be VVillye his owne:
And for Perigot so well hath him payned,
To him be the wrought ten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can VVillye wite the witelelle heardgroome

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene.
The shepheard of Ida, that iudge beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheardes, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse

Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind?)
That Collin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

VVillye.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrounced be
In Colins steede, if thou this song areede:
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

Cuddie.

Then listeneth ech vnto my heavie laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthfull, as yee may.

YEe waskefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde:
Yee careless byrds are pitie to my cries,
Which in your songs wers wont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld mee oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cries,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes from sleepe
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all thet sweete, is voyd: and all that may augment
My dole drawe neere. More meete to waile my woe,
Bene the wilde woods my sorows to resound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
When I them see so waste, and finde no part.
Of pleasure past, Here will I dwell apart
In gastfulf greue therefore, till my last sleep
Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me yee banefull byrds, whose shricking sound
Is signe of dreery death my deadly cries.

Woll ruthfully to tune. And as my eryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth ſleep,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
See home returne, whoſe voyces ſiluer ſound
To cheerefull ſonges can chaunge my cheereleſſe cries.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed byrd, that ſpendes her time of ſleepe
In ſonges and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memorie of his miſdeede, that bread her woe:
And you that feele no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the ſhepheardes ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verſe:
And Cuddie, freſhe Cuddie the liefeſt boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe.

Cuddie.

Then blow youre pypes ſhepheardes, till you be at home:
The night higheth faſt, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.
Vincenti gloria victi.

VVillyes Embleme.
Vinto non vitto,

Cuddies Embleme,
Felice chi puo.

August.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered, *Peregall*, equall. *Whilome*, once.
Rafte, bereft, depriued. *Miswent*, gone astraye. *Illmay*, according to Virgil.

Infelix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer, So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of theyr strife.

Enchased, engrauen. Such prettie discriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bryng in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause in deede he by that name termeth his Aeglogues, for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia. of the Goteheardes in them.

Entraibed, wrought betweene.

Haruest Queene, The maner of countrie folke in haruest time.

Pousse, Pease.

It fell vpon, Perigot maketh his song in praise of his loue, to whome Willye aunswereth euerie vnder verse, By Perygot who is ment, I cannot vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his loue deserueth no lesse prayse, then he geueth her.

Greete. weeping and complaint, *Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.
Louen, Lightning. *Cynthia*, was sayd to bee the Moone.
Gryde, perced.
But if, not vnlesse. *Squint eye*, partiall iudgement. *Eche haue*, so sayth Virgil.

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of giftes Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome, iudgement. *Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepheard of Ida, was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apdle, as the price of hie beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying, that, he is happie which can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe beeyng best, and leaue of with the best.

Ægloga Nona.

Argument.

HEerein Digon Dauie is deuiſed to be a Sheapheard, that in hope of more gaine, droue his ſheepe into a farre countrey. The abuſes whereof, and looſe liuing of Popiſh prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, he diſcourſeth at large.

Hobbinoll. Diggon Dauie.

DIggon Dauie, I bid her God day:
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſay.

Diggon.

Her was, her while it was day light,
But nowe her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the dirke night doth haſt.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon aréde, who has thée ſo dight:

Neuer I wist thee in so pœre a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was woont to leade:
Or bene they chaffred: or at mischiefe dead:

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greefe:
Sike question rippeth vp cause of new woe,
For one opened mote vnfold many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart.
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the cloudes waxen cleare.
And now sithence I sawe thy head lask,
Thrise three Mones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weele about the worlde round,
So as thou can many thinges relate,
But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (woe is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine costes men sayd, was plentie:
And so there is but all of miserie.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In the countries, whereas I haue bene,
No beeing for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gaine,
No such country, as there to remaine.
They setten tosale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of their good name.
The shepheardes there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile ther brother.
Or they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carue the shepheardes throte.

The sheepheardes swayne you cannot will ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulles, that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck:

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so striffe. and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And now the Westerne winde bloweth sore,
That now is in his chiefe soueraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast,
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse thée stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorns this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (as seele sheepe)
That hereby there I whilome vsde to keepe,
All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree,
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driuen for neede to come home againe.

Hnbbinoll.

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht

With

With vayne desire, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Séemeth aye greater, when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote, it is nothing sich,
For eyther the shepheardes bene ydle and still,
And iedde of theyr shéepe, what way they will:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wronge empryse:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken againe to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vnderlay,
They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long egoe:
For they wouldden draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thée speake not so dirke,
Such mysker saying me séemeth to mirke.

Diggon

Then plainly to speake of Shepheardes mosse what:
Badde is the best (this english is flat.)
Their ill hauiour garres men missay.
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr laye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for yer shepheardes bene beastly and blont.

That

Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of their cote.
Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten to much of worldes care,
To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
For such encheason, If you goe nie,
Fewe chimnies reeking you shall espie:
The fat Ore, that wont ligge in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Plike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shoten nerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen licke.
For big Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stout:
But the leane soules treaden vnder foote,
And to seeke redresse mought litle boote:
For liker bene they to plucke away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like fowle wagmoires ouergrast,
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leaue of with a litle losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Now Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
Better it were, a litle to feine,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured,
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes be endured.
But of ?ke pastoures how done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voice,
But if he call hem at their good choice,
The wander at will, and stay at pleasure,

And to their folds yéeld at their owne leasure:
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han into mischiefe fall.
And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fie on thée Diggon, and all thy foule leasing.
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Wolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the soth to saine,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

Or priuie or pert if any bin,
We han great bandogs will teare their skin.

Diggon.

In déede thy ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a tolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chace,
But heedie shepheards to discerne their face,
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The ben so graue and full of maintenance,
But shall I tell thée what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe:

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer itight,
For not but well mought him betight.
Ye is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable
Colin Clout I wéene be his selfe boye,

(And

(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:
Ye has a Dogge to bite or to barke,
Neuer had Shepheard so keene a kur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe stur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repaire
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire.
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good olde man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call,)
As if a Wolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanck
At end the shepheard his practise spied,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eied)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in their foldes he did them locke,
And take out the Wolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepes blond at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraie,
To take his owne where euer it laie?
For had his weland bene a litle widder,
He would haue deuoured both bidder and shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the olde man selfe had bene,
The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steaen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyre beliue.
If like bene Woluee, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem behold.

Diggon.

How, but with héede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and wait,
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Nought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.

What

What shall I doe: what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend:
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I thée pray,
Of aide or counsell in my decaye,

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The hapelesse mischiefe, that has thée hent,
Netheleste thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should sone finde fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thée comforte:
There maist thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thée requite,
Diggon on few such friendes did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.
Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrase of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein ment, who being verie friend to the Authour hereof, had beene long in forraine countries, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morow. For to bidde, is to pray, whereof commeth beads for praiers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. s. to say his prayers.

Weghly, quickly, or sodainly. *Chaffred*, solde. *Dead at mischiefe*, an vnusuall speech, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, Deare. *Ethe*, easie. *These three Moones*, nine moneth. s. *Measured*, for traueiled.

Wae, woe, Northernly. *Eched*, encreased. *Caruen*, cutte.

Kenne, know. *Cragge*, neck. *State*, stoutly *Stanck*, weary or faint.

And now, he applyeth it to the time of the yeare, which is in the end of harueft, which they call the fal of the leafe: at which time the Westerne winde beareth most swaye.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludebrium ventis.*

Lorne, left. *Soote*, sweete. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Hereby, there*, here and there. *As the bright*, translated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterprise. Per Syncopen. *Conteck*, strife.

September.

Trale, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcisines and practises they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gange*, goe *Miler*, maner. *Mirke*, obscure. *Warre*, worse. *Crumenall*, purse. Brace, compasse. *Encheson*, occasion. *Ouergrast*, ouergrowne with grasse. *Galage*, shoe. *The grosse*, the whole.

Buxome and bent. meeke and obedient.

Saxon king, King Edgare that raigned here in Britanie in the yeare of our Lord. Which king caused all the Wolues whereof then was store in this countrie, by a proper policie to be destroied. So as neuer since that time, there haue bene Wolues here found vnlesse they were brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying that there be Wolues in England.

Nor in Christendome, this saying seemeth to be straunge and vnreasonable: but in deed it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and common phrase. The Originall whereof was, for that most part of England in the raigne of king Ethelbert was christened, Kent only except, which remayned long after in mybeliefe and vnchristened, So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iustice. *Ensaunter*, least that.

Inly, inwardly: aforesaid. *Frenely or perie*, openly saith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the king. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise gouernaunce of his flocke.

Colin Clout, Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer ment the Authors selfe, whose especiall good frind Hobbinoll saith hee is, or more rightly Maister Gabriell Harueys of whose speciall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rethoricke and othir choice learning, we haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his workes but specially in his *Musarum Lacrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*, which booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, hee dedicated in writing to her Maiesty, afterwarde presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and verye notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfaite names, as his Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that part of Philomusus, his diuine Antiposmopolita, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, hee couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But what, I certainly know not.

Wonnea, haunted. *Welkin*, skye, aforesaid.

A Weanell waste, a weaned youngling. *Hidder and shidder*, hee and shee, Male and Female. *Steuen*, noyse. *Belliue*, quickly. *What euer*, Ouids verse translated.

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.

Forehaile, draw or distresse. *Vetchie*, of Pease straw.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out that plenty made him poore, meanyng that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But Diggon vseth to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes, had found the worst, and through great plenty was fallen into great penurye. This Poesie I know, to haue bene much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.

October.

Aegloga Decima.

Argument.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwaies of singular account and honour, and being in deed so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift & heauenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witt by a certaine (Kithousiasmos) and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet, which booke being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Piers. Cuddie.

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

And wearie this long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to leade,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding base:
Now they in thée, and thou in slœpe art deade?

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oten rœdes bœne rent and worne:
And my poore muse hath spent her spared stoore,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasance makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so laid, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fansie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beate the bush, the birdes to them do flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to restrains
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleasance of thy baine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleaue?
Seemeth tho doest their soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull Bowre withouten leaue:
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wonderen at bright Argus blazing eye:
But who rewardes him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike praise is smoke, that shedeth in the skie,
Sike words bene winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne.
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed weren daily browne.

There may thy Muse display her flutt'ring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in faire Elisa rest,
Or if thee plase in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthie whom she loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronge stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring,
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddie.

Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecœnas left his Daten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured landes to yeeld the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah Mecœnas is yclad in claie,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to plaie,
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the olde stocke gan to shoote againe:
Or it mens follies mote to forst to faine,
And roll with rest in rymes of rybaudrie:
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pereleste poesie, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doest sit:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percie it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight:
Her pieced pineons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fits such famous flight to scanne:
Ye, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as sote as Swanne.

Piers.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lifts him vp out of the lothsome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raise ones minde aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caitiue courage to aspire,
For loftie loue doth lothe a lowly eie.

Cuddie.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse waightie prise,
And thinkes to throw out thondring words of threat:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bits of meat.
For Bacchus fruit is friend to Phœbus wise:
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not Percie how the rime should rage,
Whif my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buf-kin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in this humble shade:
Where no such troublous tides han vs assaide,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Piers.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide:
Cuddie shall haue a kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idilion, wherein he reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for hys niggardise toward Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortall for theyr good deedes, or shamefull for theyr naughtie life. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of Poeticall wit.

Cuddie, I doubt whether by Cuddy be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as hee saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Wholesome, sometime. *Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

Lagge so laide, lye so faint and vnlustie. *Dapper*, pretie.

Frye, is a bolde Metaphore, forced from the spawnyng fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To restraine, This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in hys first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solempne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fiue yeare to holde, some learned man beeyng more able then the rest, or special gifts of wyt and Musicke, would take vpon hym to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory, or of immortalitie, or such lyke. At whose wonderfull gyft all men beyng astonyed & as it were rauished with delight, thinkyng (as it was in deed) that he was inspired from aboue, called hym Vatem: which kynd of men afterward framyng theyr verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke bee many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martial, some heroical: and so diuersly eke affect the mindes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some plying with loue, some scornyng at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poets or makers.

Sensefebereaue, what the secret workyng of musicke is in the mindes of men, as wel eppeareth hereby, that some of the auntient Phylosophers, and those the most wyse, as Plato and Pythagoras helde for opinion, that the mynde was made of a certaine harmony and musical numbers, for the great compassion, and lykenesse of affection in thone and the other, as also by that memorable hystory of Alexander: to whome when as Timotheus the great Musitian played the Phrygian melody, it is sayd that hee was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that straightway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to warre (for that musicke is very warlyke.) and immediately when as the Musitian changed hys stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, hee was so farre from warryng, that he sate as styll, as if he had bene in matters of counsel. Such myght is in Musicke. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbyd the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that beyng altogither one the fifth and seuenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yoong brestes. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here sayth, that the Musieke can bereaue the soule of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by hys excellent skil in musicke and Poetry, he recouered hys wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes, of Argus is before sayd, that Iuno to hym committed her husband Iupiter hys Paragon Io, beeause he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercury with hys Musick lullyng Argus a sleepe, slue hym and brought Io away, whose eye, it is sayd that Iuno for hys eternal memory placed in her byrd the Peeockes tayle, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Wounlesse armour, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peate.

Display, A poetical metaphore, whereof the meanyng is, that if the Poet list shew his skil in matter of more dignity, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is hym offered of hygher veyne and more Heroical argument, in the person of our most gratious soueraigne, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiualry please hym better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of hys payne in theyr deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skyl and facultie.

The worthy he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowmed the Earle of Leycester, whome by hys cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather taen by hys name he bewrayeth, beyng not likely, that the names of noble princes bee knowne to country clownes.

Slacke, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers, a kinde of dannce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, well know noble Virgil, who by Mæcænas meanes was brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moeued to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had done.

Wherein, in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgil intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Aeglogues. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In singing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

In

Inderring do, In manhood and cheualrie.

For euer, He sheweth the cause, why Poets were wont bee had in such honour of noble men, that is that by them their worthinesse and valor should through their famous Posies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is saide, that Acchilles had neuer beene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer it was his happe to be honoured with so excellent a Poets worke as sorenowmed and ennobled onely by his meane. Which beeing declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely set foorth in a sonet.

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba.
Del fero Achille sospirando disse
O fortunato che si chiaro tromba, Trouasti, &c.

And that such account hath bene alwaies made of Poets, as well sheweth this that the worthie Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia hadde euermore in his company and that in most familiar sorte the good olde Poet Ennins, as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when hee was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarous was borne in that Citie, not onely commanded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death doe anie violence to that house or otherwise: but also specially spared moste, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kinne. So fauoured hee the onely name of a Poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when hee came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom hee lately had ouerthrowne, hee found in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers workes, as laide vp there for speciall Iewels and riches, which hee taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and the other euerie night laide vnder his pillowe. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this authour here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably.

But after, hee sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetrie to be idlenesse and basenesse of minde.

Pent, shut vp in slouthe, as in a coope or cage.

Tom pyper, An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in dirision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Nebrest. the meaner sort of men. *Mer peeced pineons*, vnperfect skill: Spoken with humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne, The comparison seeemeth to be straunge: for the swanne hath euer wonne small commendation for her sweet singing: but it is saide of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secret instinct her neere destinie. As well saith the Poet elsewhere in one of his soners.

The siluer Swan doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death. &c.

Immortall myrrour, Beautie, which is an excellent obiect of Poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the worthie Petrarch, saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, & crescet ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage, a base and abiectt minde.

For lostie loue, I thinke this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aswel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, immitateth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuinacerabum Poscit.*

Lauish cups, Resembleth the common vese, *Facundi calices quem non secere disertum.*

O if my, He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth hee hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wilde yuie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is saide that the Mænades (that is

Bacchus frantick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, wrapped about with vuie.

In buskin, it was the manner of Poets and Players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse scocks and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragicall matter, as is saide in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Queint, strange. Bellona, the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter her father was in trauell of her, hee caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all pointes, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, profered her some curtesie, which the Lady disdaining, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

Aequipage, order. *Tydes*, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For Charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith *Aut si carminibus.*

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eeglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnaturall rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth lipiphonematicos as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie hee had already had a tast.

Ægloga vndecima.

Argument.

IN this xi. Aeglogue he bewaileth the death of ſome maiden of great bloud whom he calleth Dido. The perſonage is ſecret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himſelfe I often required the ſame. This Aeglogne is made in imitation of Marot his ſong, which he made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre paſsing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Aelogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

COlin my deare, when ſhall it pleaſe thée ſing,
As thou were wont ſonges of ſome ſouſſaunce?
Thy Muſe too long ſlombreth in ſorrowing,
Lulled a ſléepe through loues miſgouernaunce.

Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse sovenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swaines may aie remaine,
Whither thee list thy loued lasse aduance,
Or bonor Pan with himnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
Nor Pan to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike myrth in May is mætest for to make,
Or sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day.
And Phœbus wearie of his yearely taske:
Ystabled hath his stœdes in lowly lay,
And taken vp his ynne in Fishes hal-ke,
Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth as-ke:
And loathed sike delights, as thou doest praise:
The morneful Muse in mirth now list ne mas-ke.
As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And louser longes of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poets praise?
Reliue thy Daten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:
And I vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should Colin make iudge of my foleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han bene watered at the Muses well:
The kindly dew drops from the higer tree,
And whets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sad winter wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sad times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deathes dreriment.
For dead is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the great shepheard his daughter shene:

The

The fayrest May shee was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull teene:
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene,
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kid or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou ioylly shepheard swayne.
Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest mee tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vayne,
And howe my rimes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

VP then Melpomene the mournefullst Muse of nine.
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grisly ghostes, and vp my rufull rime,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore,
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be powred out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile yee this woefull waste of natures warke:
Waile wee the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile wee the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all wee dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse.
Vreake we our pipes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Nouember.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest flowre our girlond all emong,
Is faded quite aud into dust ygoe.
Sing now yee shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made in her praise.
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Nowe is time to die. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantile doth displaye,
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Relieuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The branche once dead, the bud eke needs must quaile,
O carefull verse.

Shée while she was, (that wa,' a wofull word to saine)
For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere:
So well shee couth the shepheards entertaine,
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would call often heme
And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdaine.
O carefull verse.

But now sike happy chéere is turnde to heauy chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct,
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The

The gaudy girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her Corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my muse, now morne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the noselgayes that shee dight for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knetted rushringes, and gilt Rosemarie:
For shee deemed nothing too deare for thee.
Ah, they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memorée,
O carefull verse.

Aye mée that dreérie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindely course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie Oke,
The floods doe gaspe, for dryed is they' sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in they' stéede perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
They' sundrie colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse,
O carefull verse.

The féeble flocks in field refuse their former fode,
And hang their heades, as they would learne to weépe:
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were wode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring shéepe:
Now shée is gone that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch.
Laments the wounde, that death did launch,
O heauie herse.
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe:
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Nowe bringen bitter Elder braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with heauy cheare
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought.
And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:
Nowe haue I learnde (a lesson dearely bought)
That nis on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might bee in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould,
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hell, and fyrie furies force:
Shee hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse:
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happie herse,
Cease mow my Muses, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why waile wee then: why wearie wee thè Gods with plaintes,
As if some euill were to her betight:
Shee raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walk in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happie herse,
Might I once come to thes (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe wee fooles, what it vs bringes vntill
Dye would wee daylie, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse aye greene:
O happie herse.
Make hast yee shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse,

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse.
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest Gods shee is,
That whilome was pore shepheards pride:
While here on earth shee did abide,
O happie herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Aye franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint:
Thine be the Collette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up Colin up, ynough thou morned hast,
Now ginnes to mizzle, hie wee homeward fast.

Colins Embleme,

La mort my mord.

Nouember.

GLOSSE.

Ioyſaunce, myrth. *Souenaunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.

Welked, ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is ſayd of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the ſeaſon of the moneth Nouember, when the ſunne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fiſhes haske, the ſune raygned, that is, in the ſigne Piſces all Nouember, a haske is a wicked ped, wherein they vſe to carrye fiſh.

Virelayes, a light kinde of ſong.

Beewayred, for it is a ſaying of Poets, that they haue drunk of the Muſes Well Caſtalias, whereof was before ſufficiently ſayd.

Dreriment. dreery and heauy cheere.

The great ſhepheard, is ſome man of hie degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhepheard and of Dido is vnknowne and cloſely buried in the Authours conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that is not Roſalind, as ſome imagine: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.

Shene, fayre and ſhining. *May*. for mayde, *Teene*, ſorrow.

Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Coſſet, a lambe brought vp without the dam. *Vnkempt*, In compti, Not combed, that is rude and vnhanſome.

Melpomene. The ſadde and wailefull Muſes vſed of Poetes in honour of Tragedies: as ſaith Virgil *Melpomene tragico proclamat maſta boatu*.

Vp grieſly ghoſts, The maner of tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and dampned ghoſtes: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides. and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the reſt of the reſt.

Herſe, is the ſolempne obſequie in faneralles.

Waſt of, decay of ſo beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Alwrie, an elegant Epanorthoſis, as alſo ſoone after. Nay time was long agoe.

Flouret, a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon *Aminore ad maius*.

Reluen not, line not againe. ſ. not in their earthly bodyes: for in heauen they enioy theyr due reward.

The braunch, Hee meaneth Dido, who being as it were the maine braunch now withered, the buddes that is beautie (as he ſayd afore) can no more flouriſh.

With cakes, fit for ſhepheards bankets. *Heame*, for home. after the Northern pronouncing. *Tinct*, dyed or ſtayned.

The gaudie, the meaning is, that the things, which weare the ornamentes of her lyfe are made the honor of her funerall, as is vſed in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a ſhepheard, which ſeemeth to haue bene the louer and deere friend of Dido. *Ruſhrings*, agreeable for ſuch baſe gifts,

Faded lockes, dryed leaues. As if Nature her ſelfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourſe, ſpring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the ſundry flowres are like a Mantle or Couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele. the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue bene a Ladie of great beautie, till being rauiſhed by her ſiſters husband, ſhee deſired to be turned into a byrd of her name, whoſe complaints be very well ſet forth of Mr. George Gaſconi a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rimers, who and it ſome parts of learning wanted not (albeeit is well knowne hee altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of thoſe famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnes appeare in him aboundantly.

Cypreſſe, vſed of the olde Paynims in the furniſhing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the ſigne of all ſorrow and heauineſſe.

The

The fatall sisters, Clotho Lachelis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, whom the Poets faine to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall howre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his dayes bee abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayd to haue cut the thred in twaine. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedome and passionate, with great affection.

Beare, a frame, whereon they vse to lay the deade corse.

Furies, of Poets bee fayned to bee three, Persephone, Alecto and Megera, which are said to be the authors of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell. *Betight*, happened.

I see, a liuely Icon, or representation as if he sawe her in heauen present,

Elysian fieldes, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astart befall vnwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, bee fayned to be the drinke and foode of the Gods: Ambrosia they lyken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white lyke creame, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discourssed that at large in my Commentarie vpon the dreames of the same Author.

Meynt, Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not, For although by course of nature wee bee borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with timely harueft, wee must bee gathered in time or els of our selues wee fall like rotted rype fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to bee counted for euill, not (as the Poet sayd a little before, as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the greene path way of lyfe. So that it ageeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

Ægloga

December.

Aegloga duodecima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherin as weary of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhoode to the sommer, which hee saith, was cõsumed with great heate and excessime drouth caused through a Comet or blasing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames & immoderate heate. His riper yeres he resembleth to an vnseasonoble harnest wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chill & frosty season now drawing neere to his last ende.

The gentle sheyheard sat besiden springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushy Brere,
That Colin hight, which well coulde pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.
There as hee satte in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest kéepe:
And when our flockes into mischance mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwarie shéepe.
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch & ward.

I thée beséech (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tunde to shepheards Oaten réede.
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie féede)
Harken a while from thy gréene cabinet,
The laurell song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowred my ioyfull spring,
Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there:
For heate of héedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastfull woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of Wolues to bene espide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintry ages wast,
Tho déemed I my spring would euer last.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest?
How haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut trée, the while the rest
Under the trée fell all for nuttes at strife:
For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke same looser yéeres,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:
Or I to much belieued my shepheard péeres)
Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth.

A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swaine, what euer fed in field:
And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare.
To Pan his owne selfe pype I nœde not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan.
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaide,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My frœdome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my lcucly spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to chose my wandring way:
But whether lucke and loues vnbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woods can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her sowre all rowmes in Waxen frame:
The gricslie Todestole growne there mought I see,
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
The ghastly Owle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of sommers pride:
All so my age now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper reason selfe applide.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
Was better seene, or hurtfull beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How Phœbe failes, where Venus sits and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The sodaine rising of the raging seas:
The swathe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse Colin Clout,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore heart rot,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
Why liuest thou still, and yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet aliue art found?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted.
And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughes and blossmes that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruit such store:
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst.
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long:
Their rootes bene dried vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my Roſalind this ſpight,
To ſpill the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered as to ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and vnſoote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaues
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Sone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be finde,
All was blowne away of the wauering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My harueſt haſtes to ſtir vp winter ſterne,
And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.
So now he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coaſt doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoarie froſt I finde,
And by mine eye the crow his clawe doth wright.
Delight is laide abed, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſunne now ſhines, cloudes han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My muſe is hoarſe and wearie of this ſtound:

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sound.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so lise:
Let me, ah let me in your foldes ye locke,
Ere the breme Winter breed you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me a sleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woods that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath beene oft saide. *Lambkins*, young lambes.
Als of theyr, seemely to expresse Virgils verse.
Pan curat oues ouium que magistros.
Deigne, vouchsafe. *Cabinet, Colinet*, diminutiues.
Maze, For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out againe.
Peers, Fellowes and companions.
Musick, that is Poetrie, as Terence saith, *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poets.
Derring do, aforesaide.
Lions house, Hee imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, which is in midst of sommer, a prettie allegorie, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heat of lust.
His ray, which is Cupids beame of flames of loue.
A Comet, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.
Venus, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in hea..en, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwaies aspect to Venus, was the cause of all his vnquietnesse in loue.
Where I was, a fine description of the chaunge of his life and liking, for all thinges now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.
Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddockes and Frogges sitting which is in deed Lordly, not remooving nor looking once aside, vnlesse they be stirred.
Thestylis, The second part, that is his manhood.

December.

Cotes, Sheepcotes for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale, or sallow a kinde of wood like willow, fit to wreake and binde in herpes to catch fish withall.

Phœbe failes, The Eclypse of the Moone, which is alwaies in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus, i. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheards to know Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea, commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

Sooth of birdes, A kinde of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birdes: First (as is saide) inuented by the Thuscanes, and from them deriued to the Romanes (who as it is saide in Liuie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euerie noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes, That wondrous thinges be wrought by herbe, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchauntments and sorceries that haue been wrought by them, in so much that it is saide that Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sundry kindes of beastes and monsters, and onely by herbes as the Poet saith *Dira satua potentibus herbis &c.*

Kidst, knewest. *Eare*, of corne. *Scathe*, losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part wherein is set foorth his ripe yeares as an vntimely harueste that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parres of learning, wherein how our Poet is seene, be they witnesse which are priuy to his study.

So now my yeere, The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wintrye stormes.

Carefull cold, for care is saide to coole the blood. *Glee*, myrth.

Hoarie frost, A metaphor of hoary haires scattered like to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalind. in the third, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Aeglogues. In the fourth his complaintes. And in the last two his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perish and come to their last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetrie abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a worke though full in deede of great wit and learning, yet of no so great waight and importance boldly saith.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith he hath made a Calender, that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grate' opus exegi quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euerie yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:

And

And if I marked well the ſtarres reuolution,
It ſhall continue till the worldes diſſolution.
To teach the ruder ſhepheard how to feed his ſheep,
And from the falcers fraud his folded flocke to keep.
Goe little Calender, thou haſt a free paſporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongſt the meaner ſorte.
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his ſtile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough man plaide a while:
But follow them farre off, and their high ſteps adore,
The better pleaſe, the worſe deſpiſe, I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

¶ Imprinted at London by Iohn Windet, for Iohn Harriſon the younger, dwelling in Paternoſter *Roe, at the ſigne of the Anker, and are there* to be ſolde. 1591.